

AN
EPISTLE
FROM A
ROYALIST
TO A
YOUNG LADY,

Written before the RESTORATION.

Now Publish'd on the Twenty Ninth of May.

Carmina tum melius, cum venerit Ipse canemus.

VIRG.



L O N D O N:
Printed for WILLIAM FALSTAFF, near St. Paul's. 1750.

[Price Six Pence.]

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Written before the Restoration.

Now Publish'd on the Twenty Ninth of May.

VIRG.

Carmina sua metris, cum commentis hinc et inde.



Printed for William Kearsley, near St. Pauls Church, in London.

[Enter the Poet]

1707



T O A

Y O U N G L A D Y

Seen at a Masque in a Hoiden's Dress.

I Question now, so well you act your Part,
 If plain Symplicity, or courtly Art,
 Has the best Title to my dubious Heart.
 Accomplish'd Maid! whom *Nature* form'd genteel;
 Her Favourites are above a Master's Skill.
 Your Genius strives with Pain to put off Grace;
 Or show a Hoiden in a *Jaliet's* Place.
 Thus *Venus* once was in a Nymph's Disguise,
 And look'd, perhaps, like you to mortal Eyes;

B ut

But that fair Form was made so like her own, 10
 Without her Doves the Goddess-born was known.
 The Wit of *Pallas* next you would conceal,
 Nor think that heav'nly Things themselves reveal:
 Sometimes by Day bright Light'ning flies unseen;
 But the dark Night reveals the shining Scene. 15

Oh! happy Maid! by partial Heav'n design'd
 To bless your Country first, then Human kind!
 The best of Patriot Blood swells ev'ry Vein;
 Your Godlike Son shall raise a King again.

Oh! haste to tie the happy nuptial Knot, 20
 And draw for *England's* Peace the lucky Lot.
 No murd'ring Sword shall mark the Victor's Way;
 But gentle as your Eyes shall be his Sway.
France to his Arms and to your Face shall bow;
 The first in Valour he, in Beauty you. 25
 When shall I see the Joy of Human kind?
 See him once Great—and my fair Mistress kind?
 Then to the Myrtle Shade and flow'ry Vale
 I'll sing of Love and War a wond'rous Tale:

How

How low-born Tyranny forsook the Land, 30
 And yet no native Blood defil'd the *Strand*:
 As the Sun rises from the Shades of Night,
 And the black Clouds in Silence take their Flight.
 How to an humble Shepherd's rustic Arms
 Beauty for Truth alone resign'd her Charms; 35
 While the gay Courier with his splendid Train,
 And fly Intrigue, for *Juliet* sighs in vain.
 Charles shall revive the Golden Age again,
 And Love alone give *British* Bosoms Pain.
 Truth to the Court shall find her long lost Way;
 And polish'd Manners make the Country gay.
 Then may the Shepherd's Frock hide noble Blood;
 The Strife will be not to be great, but good.
 Then underneath old *Ham*'s cool peaceful Shade
 May you, dear Girl, be with your Shepherd laid!
 While to the past'ral Pipe I sing our Love;
 Or if a higher Note your Passion move,
 Great *Charles*'s Praise shall strain my feeble Voice;
 While you forgive my Skill lost in the noble Choice.

And .

And if such Greatness can Example give
 To teach the private Subject how to live,
 Our little Boys shall copy infant *Jove*,
 And by his Confort's Steps our Girls shall move
 Last, when old Age, with slow but healthy Pace,
 Points out the Goal, that bounds so sweet a Race
 The Fruit to all our tender Moments giv'n,
 We'll leave secure to *Charles's* Care and Heav'n
 Perhaps to share in taming *Asia's* Pride;
 For *France* shall not his first Efforts abide.
 No Christian Blood shall deluge Christian Plains,
 While o'er *European* Hearts a *Stewart* reigns.
 He shall indeed the far-fam'd Balance hold,
 And turn the Scale with Justice--not with Gold.
 False Politicks no more shall thin Mankind;
 In him a human Saviour they shall find.
 His Suff'rings and the Worlds at once shall cease
 The noble Type of the great Prince of Peace.

F I N I S.